in haſt, for comfort is too farre for vs to expect.

Lord. Wee haue deſcryed vpon our neighbouring ſhore, a portlie faile of ſhips make hitherward.

Cleon. I thought as much.
One ſorrowe neuer comes but brings an heire,
That may ſucceede as his inheritor:
And ſo in ours, ſome neighbouring nation,
Taking aduantage of our miſerie,
That ſtuff't the hollow veſſels with their power,
To beat vs downe, the which are downe alreadie,
And make a conqueſt of vnhappie mee,
Whereas no glories got to ouercome.

Lord. That's the leaſt feare.
For by the ſemblance of their white flagges diſplayde, they bring vs peace, and come to vs as fauourers, not as foes.

Cleon. Thou ſpeak'ſt like himne vntuterd to repeat,
Who makes the faireſt ſhowe, meanes moſt deceipt.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need wee leaue our grounds the loweſt?
And wee are halfe way there: Goe tell their Generall wee attend him heere, to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, and what he craues?

Lord. I goe my Lord.

Cleon. Welcome is peace, if he on peace conſiſt,
If warres, wee are vnable to reſiſt.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

Per. Lord Gouernour, for ſo wee heare you are,
Let not our Ships and number of our men,
Be like a beacon fier'de, t'amaze your eyes,
Wee haue heard your miſeries as farre as *Tyre*,
And ſeene the deſolation of your ſtreets,
Nor come we to adde ſorrow to your teares,
But to relieue them of their heauy loade,
And theſe our Ships you happily may thinke,

Are